

Watauga Democrat.

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BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY APRIL 29, 1909.

NO. 49.

J. P. COUNCELL. J. H. HARDIN
COUNCELL & HARDIN,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
Limestone, Tennessee.

Write us what you want in the way of farming lands in this fertile country and we will do our best to please you. 9-10.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.
One and one half miles west of Boone N. C. good location convenient to first class school. For terms and particulars, address G. R. LONG, Williamsburg, Butte, Mont.

PROFESSIONAL.

NAT T. DULANEY, M. D.,

-SPECIALIST.-
Fourth St. Bristol Tenn.-Va.
Eye and Throat Diseases.
Refraction for Glasses.

L. D. LOWE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BANNER ELK, N. C.
Will practice in the courts Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties. 7-6-'07

EDMUND JONES
—LAWYER—
—LENOIR, N. C.—
Will Practice Regularly in the Courts of Watauga, 6-1-'08.

F. A. LINNEY,
—ATTORNEY AT LAW,—
BOONE, N. C.
Will practice in the courts of the 18th Judicial District in all matters of a civil nature. 6-11-1908.

J. C. FLETCHER,
Attorney At Law,
—BOONE, N. C.—
Careful attention given to collections.

W. R. LOVILL
—ATTORNEY AT LAW,—
—BOONE, N. C.—
Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. 7-9-'08.

A. A. Holsclaw,
—ATTORNEY AT LAW—
Mountain City, Tennessee.
Will practice in all the courts of Tennessee, State and Federal. Special attention given to collections and all other matters of a legal nature.
Office northeast of court house. Oct. 11, 1907, 1y.

E. S. GOFFEY,
—ATTORNEY AT LAW,—
—BOONE, N. C.—
Prompt attention given to all matters of a legal nature. Abstracting titles and collection of claims a specialty. 1-1-'09.

R. Ross Donnelly,
UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
SHOONS, Tennessee,
Has Varieled and Glass White Coffins; Black Broadcloth and White Plush Caskets; Black and White Metallic Caskets; Robes, Shoes and Fashings.
Extra large Coffins and Caskets always on hand. Phone orders given special attention.
R. ROSS DONNELLY.

The Power of An Endless Life.
Yonah's Companion.

It was just after Easter, and a half-dozen men lingered after their luncheon at the club, discussing a matter which had been committed to them, and for the consideration of which they had come together. They found them selves in agreement sooner than they expected, and the report which the chairman of the committee had drafted was approved without modification and signed by all; and so there was a little unexpected time at the end of the meal in which none of those ordinarily busy men made haste to go. They had got into conversation about Easter, and the topic had reached a level of general interest.

There never had been a more perfect day, they all agreed. The air had been balmy, the grass had been green, the churches had been filled to overflowing, and the day had left a most pleasant memory.

But what had the day really meant? There was some quotation of sermons, either as heard or as reported in the newspapers and some comment on the change of emphasis in Easter preaching now and in former years. And there was some tendency to agree that the hope of personal immortality seemed less large in the mind of the man of today than in the mind of men of other generations.

"After all," said one, "the question is not how long we live, but how well. This life is quite as important as good use of it and I don't know but it is as long as I care for. One world at a time is enough, and if there is any other, it will take care of itself when it comes."

Others spoke in the same vein, and this appeared to be the general feeling among the men present.

Near the end one of them spoke who had been a silent yet deeply interested hearer of all that the rest had said. Said he:

"Two weeks ago I was called back to the old home by a message that my mother was dying; and I sat for the greater part of the two days that elapsed until the end came, holding her hand on one side, while my father held the other hand.

"She was conscious to the end. She faced death without fear, although she was somewhat a timid woman.

"Those were sad hours, but beautiful hours, and she was able to live over with us the years of the past and tell us of her hopes and her wishes. We had never realized before—no man can realize until he goes through that experience—what the fulness of life is.

"We saw the change approaching. My father, who had walked by her side for more than fifty years, said, 'She is nearing the shore, she is nearing the shore!' Then came the last breath, and the death-rattle, and my sister cried, 'Oh, what is it?' for she had never heard that terrible sound before.

"What is it—this thing we call death? It is a beautiful thing—my mother's death was; yet it is an ominous and terrible thing. What is it? And what is there beyond it?

"I agree with what you have been saying, yet it is not all I want. I came to this Easter-time with a deep yearning for a word of positive comfort, and I have heard it—the clear faith of my mother re-affirmed in the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life. I believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in my mother's religion. And this has been for me a beautiful Easter."

There was something in this bit of a business man's heart that made all academic discussion seem out of place. The conference ended and as each man passed out he took the hand of the man who had last spoken but few of them said anything.

Two-Cent Coins.

Nashville Banner.

It has been urged in some quarters that there is need of a 2-cent piece and that the government should provide such a coin for the convenience of the public. We have two-cent letter postage, many newspapers are sold for 2 cents a copy, and for other reasons it is contended that a single coin of that value is desirable. The Boston Herald recalls the fact that in 1864 Congress authorized the minting of 2-cent coins and from that time until the issue was discontinued in '73, 45,600,000 of these pieces were minted and put in circulation. Only 16,966,466 of these coins had been retired and melted for recoinage into cent pieces up to July last. This leaves 28,634,954 of the 2-cent pieces now in circulation or otherwise unaccounted for. But one rarely sees one of these pieces nowadays and the probability is that a large number of them are lost.

At one time the government coined 3-cent pieces, issued for great convenience when the letter postage rate was 3 cents. The coinage of these pieces was continued until 1890, when the 2-cent postage rate had been established. The first 3 cent piece was of silver. Its coinage began in 1851 and was discontinued in 1873 under the act that Mr. Bryan denominated the "Crime." The copper half-cent which was authorized in 1792 was coined until 1857.

It is questionable whether there is any need of a 2-cent coin. It is about as easy to get or to pay two 1-cent pieces as it would be to use the 2-cent piece. The old 2-cent piece is too bulky, and if a new coin of that denomination were made of smaller size it would become more or less confusing. The present silver quarter altho' distinct in shape from the nickel 5-cent piece, is often mistake for the less valuable coin.

Words To Freeze The Soul.

"Your son has consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to George E. Blevins a leading merchant at Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevins, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for coughs and colds, its safest, surest cure of desperate lung diseases on earth, 50c. and \$1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottles free at all druggists.

Methuselah died at New York last week at his home in the Bronx zoo. He was 1,000 years old. His death is ascribed to ill ascribed to old age. Methuselah, also known as Remeses II was a toad, which was discovered in a rock pocket in a mine 500 feet below the surface at Butte, Montana, two years ago. His age was carefully computed by the zoologist and geologist.—Ex.

Up Before the Bar.

N. H. Brown, an attorney at Pitts field, Vt. writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we would not be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or sick headache they work wonders, 25c. at all druggists.

Her Jest Suspicious.

"Since Prohibition broke out in Georgy State," said the Old Lady, "I'd be suspicious after the ol' man of he should come home with a big seal ring on his finger, for I'd think it had some connection with the drammin', and that thar wuz a secret pipe line running from it to some pock et whar he had a flask hid, an' that you jest pressed the button an' the flask done the rest!"

"I thought it wuz bad enough when the ol' man wuz carryin' a book aroun' marked 'New Testament,' an' lo an' behol, it wuz as holler on the inside as the ol' man's head is, with just enough room fer a flat pint flask. An' what wuz the worst of it the pint flask wuz thar, an' hit plumb full.

"But now I'm coming to what wuz wuss'n that: Deacon Jones spent the night with us las' Tuesday wuz a week, an' after supper wuz tuk away an' we wuz a settin' roun' the table—the ol' man snokin' an' me knittin'—the deacon 'lowed that he had a ragin' headache. Now it so happened that once when the ol' man came home full an' I had a favorable opportunity to search his pockets, I found a purty big box with a label on it sayin' thar wuz 'Headace Pills' inside.

Well I put it in the medicine chest an' fergot about it till then when I gets it out an' tells the deacon 'bout it. 'I'll jest try one of them pills,' he says, 'mebbe it'll ease the pain.' as the deacon took the box in his han' I noticed that the ol' man looked mighty intelligent an' said that he likewise had the misery in his head he'd jest try the remedy hisse'f.

"An' now I'm a comin' to the story: Both him an' the deacon took one apiece. then the deacon said the one he took only eased one side of his head an, he reckoned he'd take another. 'Same here,' says the ol' man, and down went two more pills. 'They're mighty big ones,' said the deacon, an' bust in yer mouth an' slide down yer throat like they were greased.' 'They do,' says the ol' man—swallerin' two more—that's the beauty of 'em.

"Well in less time than it takes to tell, the deacon riz up an' hit the table with his fist, sayin' he was a better man than the preacher; the ol' man knocked the lamp over and said he was a better man than the deacon, an' to my everlastin' horror, both of 'em started to the front yard to settle the difference of opinion. You see it now, don't you? Them pills was nothing more nor less than what you would call concentrated licker in disguise. To prove it to my satisfaction, I took one of 'em myself an' in less'n two minutes I had a holt o' the broomstick beatin' both the deacon an my ol' man. After that experience I sot down with my hands crossed in my lap wonderin' what on the airth wuz a comin' to the country through the machinations of Satan, an' the work of evil sperrits by the pint or pill."—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine for April.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor."

than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham, of Pineville, Ill., "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away ten toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead, he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns and Piles astounded the world. 25c. at all druggists.

You never know what you can do till you try.—German.

Watauga Turnpike Company.

Says the Lenoir Topic: At a meeting of the Watauga Turnpike Company held at Edgemont Friday, W. A. Barber was elected President, L. T. Nichols, Vice-president and J. R. Eryin Manager, Secretary and Treasurer. The directors are Alfred Wartman, W. C. Moore and J. R. Eryin.

This turnpike company, whose principal office is in Lenoir, is incorporated. The charter was issued by the Legislature of 1905, and amended in the last Legislature, the object being to construct a road from Edgemont to some point on the Yonahlossee.

The work has been going on constantly since 1906 and nine miles of pike have been built from Edgemont to a point one mile above Carey's Flats. During the summer the road will be extended into the Yonahlossee turnpike, tapping that road at two points—one in the direction of Blowing Rock and the other in the direction of Linville. Caldwell County's convicts are now at work on this road under the direction of W. W. Disart, who thoroughly understands the art of getting the best results from this class of labor. A large force of additional laborers will at once be put on and it is gratifying to know that the road will be completed within the next three months.

Swept Over Nirgara.

This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warning—growing ripples and faster current. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the Kidneys need attention if you would escape fatal maladies—Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take E. J. Richter's Bitters at once and see Backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After a long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c. at all druggists.

W. B. Borham, a representative of the Brownlow Fish Hatchery at Erwin is filling the streams of Eastern Tennessee and Western North Carolina with rainbow and brook trout. He passed through here last week, returning from Pinola, N. C., whither he had been to consign to the mountain streams 25,500 rainbow and brook finnies. A short while since Mr. Borham placed in the streams at Roan Mountain and near by 48,000 of the finny trio.—Johnson City Staff.

Says the Mitchell County Chronicle: "Neodaska," our correspondent at Minneapolis, this country, says that on the evening of the 6th inst., while working in the mines at Cranberry, Will Osborne was killed by a large boulder falling from the roof of the roof of the mines, crushing his head. Mr. Osborne was a brother of the late Ike Osborne, who was called out of bed after dark and killed with a shot gun while standing in his door. He was also a sun-in-law of the late W. A. Teem, who was killed by the train at Cranberry about a year ago. Mr. Osborne's wife died about one year ago and left a large family of small children.

A friend's fault should be known but not abhorred.—Portuguese.

Every miller draws the water to his own mill.—Dutch.

CASTORIA.

The Kidney and Bladder Remedy. It is the most powerful and reliable remedy for all kidney and bladder troubles. It is sold by all druggists and by mail free. Write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., New York, N. Y., for a free trial bottle and full particulars. Remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the word, Castoria, on the wrapper.

Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

We publish our 64 pages of health advice from our medicine. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Watch Repairing.

More good watches are ruined in the hands of inexperienced work men than in any other way. A watch is too costly an article to entrust to any one who may claim the title of Watchmaker.

During my many years of business I have always given the closest attention to the careful repairing and adjusting of watches brought to me and have bought none other than the best material. My charges are never excessive; only enough to cover the cost of the work; neither do unnecessary work nor charge for work I do not execute. Don't wait until your watch refuses to run before having it cleaned, adjusted and freshly oiled.

J. W. BRYAN,
Graduate Watch-maker & Jeweler

The Charlotte Observer.

THE LARGEST AND BEST NEWSPAPER IN N. C.

Every Day in the Year \$8. a Year.

The Observer consists of 10 to 12 pages daily and 20 to 32 pages Sunday. It handles more news matter, local, State, national and foreign than any other North Carolina news paper.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER is unexcelled as a news medium and is also filled with excellent matter of a miscellaneous nature.

SEMI-WEEKLY OBSERVER issues Tuesdays and Fridays, at \$1. per year, is the largest paper for the money in this section. It consists of 8 to 10 pages, and prints all the news of the week—local, State, national and foreign.

Access,
THE OBSERVER CO.
CHARLOTTE N. C.

Fools will always ask what a time it is, but the wise know their time.—Italian.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Hamilton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the word, Castoria, on the wrapper.